The Myrtle.

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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For the Myrtle.

The Bird's Jubilee.

CHAPTER I.

Did you hear those sweet sounds
The other day in the glade?
The merriest music
That ever was made!

All the gay, winged creatures
From flower and tree,
Were joyously holding
A grand jubilee.

Such gossip and chattering
Sure never was heard,
As rang thro' the wild wood
From each summer bird.

It long had been whispered
From many a mouth,
That a picnic they'd give
Ere they left for the South.

To have the thing managed
Quite proper and right,
A committee was chosen
To say whom to invite.

They elected a Blackbird
With his flame-colored wings,
A handsome Bob-lincoln
That so merrily sings;

A brilliant Gold Robin
With his coat bright and gay,
His cousin the Red-breast,
And a talkative Jay.

These wise little warblers
Whisk'd round and looked grand,
When they thought of the business
They now had in hand.

They chattered and twittered
And whispered aside,
But took time to reflect
Ere they would decide

Who should have invitations,
And whom they would slight;

At length said the Red-breast
"I think it not right

To try to hurt any
Among whom we live;
If we've cherished hard feelings
'Tis best to forgive!"

Robin Red-breast's advice,
So good and so kind,
Was liked very much,
And all with one mind

Agreed they would ask
(Altho' many might wonder,)
Every bird from the size
Of a Wood Dove and under.

All the bright insect tribe,
With their buzzing and humming,
Every one should have cards,
And they must be forthcoming.

There had been war and trouble
With the insects and birds;
But they'd have at this party
Peaceful acts and kind words.

The Swallows were chosen
The invitations to bear;
They're a very spry people,
Darting swift through the air.

Bob-lincoln declared
The smooth turf in the glade
Would be better for all
Than if a table were laid.

"For our good friends, the insects,
Would," said he, "be unable
To enjoy the nice feast,
If spread on a table."

John Jay shook his feathers,
Then opened his beak;
Said he, "My dear friends —
You'll allow me to speak, —

I propose to have dancing!
Now what do you say?
We can all make fine music,
Or I am no Jay."

The birds looked very queer
To hear the Jay flatter;
His voice was so harsh,
And they smiled at his chatter.

The blackbird then said,
"A few songs would be pleasant,
And a glee-club I know
Whom I'll ask to be present."

The Gold Robin hoped
Everything would go right;
And with all the birds there,
It would be a sweet sight.

Fanny Firefly.

For the Myrtle.

Charlie's Wish.

"I WISH I was a girl," said Charlie Allen to himself as he walked slowly home from Sunday School. You may imagine he felt pretty badly, or he would never have made a wish like that. A boy would generally look upon it as the worst misfortune that could happen to him, to become a girl. But Charlie *was* feeling badly. The Superintendent had asked the scholars to see how much good they could do before going to bed that night, and Charlie meant to try as hard as he could. Yet when he got to thinking about it, it seemed to him that girls could be ten times as useful as boys, in the house and out of it; and before he knew what he was about, he uttered his wish, — "I wish I was a girl; boys can't do any good."

He had been walking in the road, and just as he said this, he stumbled and fell. Picking himself up slowly, he laid hold of the big stone that caused the accident and by great effort rolled it away.

"There, Mr. Peter," said he, (for his teacher told him that very day that Peter meant a rock,) "There, Mr. Peter, you'll not trip anybody else up to-day."

Leaving the highway, he now turned into the little path which led across the brook and up the hill, for that was the nearest way home. The little footbridge, however, proved to be out of order, and as he walked dreamily over it, still wishing he was a girl, one of its boards tilted up and almost threw him into the water.

"Heigh ho!" said he, "so much for dreaming; but I'll prevent your giving anybody else a ducking."

So he found a good long nail that he could use again, and with a stone for a hammer, he made the bridge so firm that anybody could walk over it without any fear of its giving way. Just before getting to his mother's house he passed the widow Arnold's, whose beautiful garden he generally stopped to admire. Like most boys, he got more pleasure from a beautiful garden than from a pretty dress. The gate was swinging as he went by, for some one had carelessly left it open; and Charlie took good pains to latch it as he gave a last look at the rare flowers, and then walked slowly to his own home, muttering as he had all along, "I wish I was a girl; boys can't do any good."

But boys can sleep if they can't do anything else. Charlie dropped asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, and almost at the same minute, too, he began to dream. He thought that he saw a carriage rapidly driving along the main road. A great stone lay in its way, which the driver did not notice until too late. One of the wheels struck the stone with so great violence as to overturn the carriage and throw all its inmates to the ground; and Charlie, thinking they must be nearly killed, called aloud for help. That awakened him from his dreams, and it was with a feeling of relief that he said, "*That* stone will never tip a carriage over, for I rolled it into the ditch." So he dropped asleep again with a light heart. But again he dreamed. He thought he saw old Mr. Hastings, who was wounded in the war, crossing the little foot-bridge. That loose board tilted up, as it had in the afternoon, and the lame man, unable to jump like the active boy, fell into the stream and was swept away towards the mill pond. Again Charlie screamed for help, and again awakened himself from the frightful dream, — only to have a fresh joy in thinking "nobody need be drowned in *that* way, for I fixed the bridge myself."

Then morning seemed to come. The boy put his head out of the window and looked towards the neighboring garden, at which he always liked to gaze. But its beauty was all gone now. Some stray cattle had been there in the night, and finding the gate open had entered, eaten all they wanted, trampled down the rest, and had left hardly a trace of the former beauty. "Poor Mrs. Arnold," said Charlie; "I must go right over and see if there is anything I can help her do." And off he started. But the first motion aroused him and he found to his surprise that he had been dreaming again. Now, however, it was time to get up in real earnest; and he quietly

laughed to himself while dressing, as the thought came into his mind, "Of course the cattle couldn't get into that garden; I latched the gate myself." At the breakfast table, he told his mother all about the wish and the dream. She laughed at the first; but as his story went on she became quite sober and when he finished told him the dream was sent to show what harm might have happened if he had not stopped in his walk to put things right. They talked about it for a long time. What they said, I don't know, but Charlie never again thought boys could do no good, and never again wished that he was a girl.

The Happy Lame Boy.

It was a very cheery voice that I heard while looking at the flowers, still wet with dew, in the early morning. It was a child's voice, singing,

"Let the world wag as it will,
I'll be happy, happy still,"

Soon I heard the sound of crutches; and presently a boy, with a very pleasing countenance, approached, walking with two crutches.

"Good morning, my young friend," I said, "You are out early, I perceive."

"Yes ma'am," he replied; "going to the store for mother."

"You seem very happy, if I may judge by your song," I said.

"That's so, ma'am; and why shouldn't I be?" he replied. "I have everything I need."

I glanced at him a moment. He seemed to interpret the glance as saying, "Except the use of limbs;" and before I spoke again, he quickly said, —

"I can walk, you see, although not with my limbs, and I can do ever so many things."

"What things," I asked, "can such a little lame boy do?"

"I can weed the garden, split up kindling wood, and feed the chickens, and so save mother's time; for she has to work for us all," he replied.

"Do you not sometimes wish for things you have not?" I asked.

"I try not to, ma'am," he replied, "it wouldn't be right, you know. We have enough to eat now, and sometimes have butter on our bread, which we didn't use to have."

Often, after this, have I had occasion to think of the lame boy's "*sometimes* butter on our bread." How many of us who have it always would be as thankful?

After a little further talk with the boy, I went toward the lane, and overheard a boy say to his mother, —

"You're always asking me to go on errands; I think I might have some time to play."

"Andy," replied his mother, "when did I last ask you to go on an errand? Besides, you have two hours before school."

Andy seemed somewhat taken aback, as he remembered that it was four days since he was asked, and, as a sort of excuse, he added,

"Well some fellows have everything under the sun they want,—servants to wait on 'em, horses to ride, and all that," said Andy.

"And some are filled with grateful love that they can walk even upon crutches," said his mother, as she caught sight of the lame boy crossing a field; for she well knew his cheerful, grateful disposition.

Yet Andy was not a bad boy, though his selfishness often pained his mother. And doubtless the lame boy would net have been so cheerful and unselosh were it not for the work of God's spirit upon his heart. Ay, there was the secret, as I afterward learned. He had the love of Jesus in his heart, and tried to be like him, whose whole life was spent in doing good to others.—*Child at Home.*

Delay.

The vintage laboring seethes,
And waiteth the flush of prime,
The hush of an hundred years
Ripens the golden wine.

The Autumn is swathed in mists,
And dreary the time of snow,
Sullen and sad are the days,
And then the violets blow.

Through many a ferny cleft,
The fountain murmureth free,
Ere its dreamy lips may learn
The great song of the sea.

The germ of tenderest thought,
Long slumbering in the brain,
Blooms in the lingering night
Of grief and wasting pain.

Then haply, O darkened hearts,
From the depths of the unknown years,
Shall spring a happier dawn
To follow the night of tears.

And peace shall come like a bird,
In the breath of the sweet new day,
When the rocky hollows ring
Loud with the mirth of May.

Ants.

ANTS, ants! little ants!
What are you about?
Running all so busily,
Crawling in and out —
Do you build a city,
Or must you choose a King?
Or lay you up a store of grain,
Or any other thing?
You seem to be so busy,
Have you no time for play?
Ants, ants! little ants!
Why do you run away?

For the Myrtle.

Katie Bennet's Dress.

"COUSIN EDITH requests the company of all the young ladies over six years of age, at her house, Saturday, P. M., at two o'clock. Each young lady will please bring her thimble."

The teacher read this notice just before school closed Friday afternoon, and as soon as the bell struck dismissing them, a buz of inquiry arose among the scholars as to "what was up."

"I guess it is only a common tea party," said Susie Brown trying hard to keep all her exercise papers between the leaves of her grammar while she buckled the strap.

"Then why are we to bring our thimbles?" asked Lettie Ross.

"Well, it ith thomthing pretty nice if Mith Edith ith contherned in it, you may be thure," remarked little Dot Stevens, whose lisp was the delight of her fond mamma though Dot was nearly seven years old.

"We shall know to-morrow any way, so we need not trouble ourselves about it now," and the philosophical Susie threw the conquered strap and papers over her shoulder and walked off. They all took that as conclusive and went home, feeling sure that Cousin Edith would prepare nothing unpleasant for them.

Edith Daly was nobody's cousin in reality, but as she was the sweetest, kindest, prettiest, and best young lady in the little town of A. and was always planning picnics, excursions and parties for the young folks, and told charming stories for the children, everybody loved her and called her "Cousin Edith." Not so very young was she either; on her next birthday she would be twenty-six, but her fair skin, brown hair, and blue eyes were so bright and fresh as health and happiness could make them. The schoolmaster was her brother, and she kept house for him and an invalid aunt, who stayed in her room all the time and was kind enough not to complain of noise when the children came to visit Edith.

Saturday was as pleasant as July could make it and at the appointed time the girls were all assembled in Miss Edith's little sitting-room. There was nothing rich or pretentious about this room, but it seemed the pleasantest place in the village to the girls who entered its green shade from the hot, dusty road. The blinds were closed, the windows open, and plain muslin curtains swayed gently in the breeze which brought the scent of new mown hay from the fields beyond. When they had put their hats and parasols in the bedroom, taken a parting look in the glass, drank the clear, spring water that Edith brought, they seated themselves in an expectant row around the room, and Cousin Edith taking her stand in the centre, said,

"How many of you are willing to work a whole afternoon for one who needs your help, but who can repay you only by love and thanks?"

Every girl eagerly responded, "I," and took her thimble out of her pocket.

"Good," said Miss Edith with a smile; "you all know that little Katie Bennet has been picking and selling berries during vacation for the purpose of buying a dress so that she could at-

tend school this summer." Yes, they all knew it. "Well, last Monday school commenced, and Katie had not quite enough money, but Wednesday she had made up the requisite amount and the dress was bought. I was to cut it as she cannot afford a dress-maker, and Mrs. Bennet and I were to make it, trying to finish it so that Hattie could commence school next Monday, but Thursday morning her mother was taken sick, — not dangerously, but too sick to sew— and yesterday my aunt was worse, so I had to nurse her and let Hattie's dress go. It is cut and basted, and the waist partly stitched. Here are ten of you; we can nearly make the dress this afternoon, and I will finish it this evening. Some of you are too young to sew, but can be of great help by handing scissors, threading needles, &c. Are you all willing?"

The girls were delighted and begged to commence at once, so Edith brought from her closet a gigantic work-basket, but before lifting the cover, asked,

"Shall we work here or under the orchard trees?"

"In the orchard," was the unanimous decision, and two of the girls carried out the big basket, while the rest brought fans, two goblets, a pitcher of water and Miss Edith's little sewing-chair.

"You thal be queen and thit on a throne," said Dot Stevens with a loving squeeze of Edith's hand.

When the girls were all seated in a semi-circle around Cousin Edith, she opened the basket and taking out a breadth of the dress, held it up to their view. It was only a blue and white gingham, but "pretty as a muslin," said Susie Brown, who had on her new organdie.

"Too dark to soil easily," remarked Jennie Smith, whose mother made her wear large aprons to save her dresses.

"And not dark enough to look hot," continued prim Lettie Rose, settling her white flounces so that they should show well, but not hit the grass.

"It is very durable, indeed," said Miss Edith. "Lettie, Susie and Jennie each take two breadths to run up. Dottie may thread their needles; Mary and Flossie each take a sleeve, and I'll see how I can divide the rest," and Edith turned the basket upside down on the grass.

The overskirt was given to Abbie Dean, as she was a very swift sewer, and could finish that in time to help sew on the facing. Carrie Snow was to make the facing, while Annie and Lizzie Jones, twin sisters, were to wait upon the rest.

Cousin Edith commenced stitching on the waist, which was half done, the others sewed industriously, and for half an hour no one said a word. It was a beautiful place; the orchard sloped to the river, across which men were mowing, and just a faint breath of the new mown hay was wafted to the group of girls. The sky was deep blue, dotted now and then with fleecy clouds and, near the horizon, broken by the faint outlines of mountains as blue as itself. The twitter of the birds, the sound of the scythes and the voices of our friends were the only sounds in the air, and the peace of summer's presence was over all.

"Is Mr. Daley's health good?" suddenly asked sensible Abbie Dean.

"Yes, pretty good, but he studied hard in college and needs a few months of this country life to bring up his strength."

"How dignified he is! how white his forehead is! Isn't he studying law?"

It was Mary Burbank who spoke.

"Yes," replied Edith. "Does he make a severe master?"

No, they all thought him very pleasant.

"He is coming this way from the house now. 'Speak of angels and you we'll see their wings,'" said Flossie.

"I've heard a remark with the same application, referring to a different creature," laughed Susie Brown.

Mary Burbank felt inclined to retract her remark about Mr. Daley's dignity before the afternoon was ended, for he stuck daises in Dot's hair, plagued Susie by calling her brown ringlets red, sung a comic song, then lay at full length on the grass leaning on his elbows, and tickled Carrie's face with a daisy stem.

The tinkle of a bell from the cottage signified that Cousin Edith was wanted by her aunt, so she left the merry girls, and, as if at a signal, they all broke out praising her to her proud, fond brother.

"The ith ath good ath people in thunday thool bookth," asserted Dot.

"Better," said Susie Brown, "for she don't wear horrid old-fashioned dresses, nor dowdy bonnets; she always looks stylish and pretty."

"Yes, and doesn't keep lecturing us about our manners, and hearts and souls, but is good herself in such a charming way, that we all want to be just like her, which I think is much better," said Susie.

"That is the true secret of influence," commenced Mr. Daley, but a sweet, ringing "C-h-a-r-l-e-y!" came from the piazza of the little house, so he left his sentence unfinished and ran to help his sister in her preparations for a little supper.

The dress was all finished but sewing the waist and skirt together before the girls went home, and they had enjoyed the afternoon immensely, though it was rather awkward when Abbie and Susie had to sew on the same piece, one running the facing, the other gathering the top. Miss Edith gave them some of the very berries which helped pay for the dress, with cream and sugar, bread and butter, sponge cake and lemonade for supper, and they all went home loving Edith more than ever.

Katie Bennet came to school Monday morning, beaming with happiness and pride, and with a "buful blue ribbing" on her hair, which Edith had given her. That was the first time the "young ladies over seven years of age" met at Cousin Edith's, but by no means the last, and it was the nucleus of an extensive society, which, under the management of Miss Daley, has done much good in that vicinity. *Eva.*

A Summer Friend.

My early friend, now is it well
To smile when Fortune smiles,
And frown when Fortune sounds the knell
Of all my bravest toils?
Come, is it well to cloud thine eye,
And turn thy face from me,
And in cold silence pass me by,
When all the insects see?

O for the generous morns of youth,
When fortune was no bar,
When we two, like twin souls of truth
Flashed like a single star!
When each for each would rush to fight
Against the banded foe;
Content to know but one delight,
And own a single woe.

But, early friend, my early friend,
Some sands are yet to run:
And no man's fortune hath an end
Until his life is done.
Why, fate itself may yet relent
At mercy's strong appeal;
Will, then, thy doubting heart repent?
Thy coldness uncongeal?

I care not for the common frown,
The common world's neglect;
No lesser man can stare me down
With fortune's grand effect:
But *thou* to join the baser rout,
Thine ancient friend do ban!
Great God, defend me from the doubt
That there is truth in man!

From South Carver, Mass.

"John," (we don't know whether it is "uncle John," or one of his namesakes) sends us this pleasant letter from the above named place. We gladly give it place, and also the rhyme which his little friend Hattie encloses with it, for we think other Hatties and Johns will be entertained thereby. The MYRTLE cannot fail to go on with such readers to hold up its hands. And it can never have too many readers of the kind who read it through and through and lay it safe away.

"*Dear Editor of the Myrtle*:—I thought I would write a word to you to let you know how well the MYRTLE is received and liked up here by the young folks and children. We think it is a first rate paper. Only ten of us take it here and we prize it as the most interesting Sunday School paper we have ever yet seen.

The Sunday School which we attend is in the Methodist church and the superintendent is a member of said church; consequently we do not see the MYRTLE in the school. But as yet have heard no complaint in regard to the peculiar sentiments of the MYRTLE, and should we, it will not alter our good opinion of the paper as long as it advocates "pure religion,good morals and temperance in all things."

We read with much interest the story of "Only a Week," and think that story is worth the price of the paper. We should like to see another story of equal interest commenced in the MYRTLE by so talented an author as Mrs. Bruce. We also read with pleasure and profit the letters from the children—the poetry and the accounts of the many Sunday Schools in the country. Wishing the MYRTLE success, and hoping it will find its way to every family, I remain yours &c., JOHN."

A RHYME FOR THE MYRTLE.

All hail the precious MYRTLE
With wealth of prose and verse,
Better than gold or silver
Kept laid up in the purse.

We like the pretty stories,
We like the pictures too,
And every week it comes to us
It brings us something new.

There are ten children in our club,
And all of different names,
Eight smiling boys as ever grew,
And only two young dames!

Their names are Willy, Nathan, Charles,
Allen, Stillman, John,
Frederic, Henry, Letitia, Hattie,
All fair to look upon.

We read the MYRTLES through and through,
Then lay them safe away,
So we can have them bright and clean
To read some future day.

Then precious MYRTLE, onward go,
In weather hot or cool,
Until you find a resting place
In every Sunday School.

* * * * *

Each Friday when the MYRTLE comes,
(I seldom do omit it)
I leave my work and away I run
To "Uncle John's" to get it. HATTIE.

From Bridgton, Maine.

A letter from the Superintendent in this place says:

"Yesterday was Children's Sunday, and our Church was overflowing with people to see the dedication of twenty-four children to God; it was an impressive ceremony, and was well done by our pastor, Rev. L. F. McKinney. Our Sabbath School is in as good condition as we could ask for and gaining strength every week." ALEX STEVENSON.

Children's Sunday.

This festival is postponed almost inevitably by the lateness of the season. There is no way, in our capricious climate, but to make it a moveable feast, and hit the time of roses as near as possible year by year. Two accounts of its observance come to hand this week as follows.

CAMBRIDGEPORT.

Last Sunday was observed by our people in Cambridgeport as Children's Sunday. Though the almost incessant cold and rain of many days made flowers out of the conservatories very scarce, the church, as usual on such occasions, was very elaborately and beautifully decorated. The Sunday School completely filled the capacious galleries, and the body of the house was packed with parents and friends. The music, rendered in part by the children, and in part by a most excellent quartette, was exquisite. The pastor preached an appropriate sermon on "The youth of Children." After which seven little ones were dedicated "to the remembrance and service of God." In the evening, the Sunday School gave an interesting concert, the house being crowded even more than in the morning.

NEWTONVILLE.

Children's Sunday was appropriately observed by the Universalist congregation in Newtonville, on Sunday last. The pleasant hall where its meetings are held was beautifully decorated for the occasion with the choicest of flowers, contributed by the earnest and faithful friends who are anxious to build up our cause in that thriving place. The rite of baptism and dedication was administered by Rev. J. G. Adams, and a discourse was afterwards delivered by him on Loyalty to Christ and his Cause. Most of the singing was done by members of the Sunday School. The attendance was good. Our friends here are very much united in their efforts for the promotion of our faith, and with a devoted pastor of their choice the way to prosperity seems to be open before them.

——Dr. Holland has said that "if the world is ever converted, it must be before it is twenty-one years old." There is a great deal of truth in this statement. Our children and youth need Christianizing. Where shall this great work be done but in our churches, our Sabbath Schools and homes?

——Some one has very wisely said, "We have a great many translations of the holy Scriptures; the best of all would be their translation into the daily practice of Christian people."

Life of the Saviour.

LESSON XCII

A DAY IN JERUSALEM AFTER THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

"There shall not be left one stone upon another."

SCRIPTURE,—Math. xi. 12–15; Mark xi. 12–23; Luke xix. 45–48; xx. 1–8; xxi. 37.

Question. — Where did Jesus spend the night after his triumphal entry into Jerusalem?

Answer. — Mark xi. 12. Luke xxi. 37.

Q. — In going from Bethany into Jerusalem, why did he seek fruit from a fig tree by the roadside?

A. — Mark xi. 12.

Q. — Why did he expect to find figs upon the tree?

A. — Mark xi. 13.

NOTE. It is not meant by the statement "that the time of figs was not yet," that it was too early for them. It is meant that the time of gathering had not come. But the season was very near. Therefore, if the tree had borne any fruit, it was the time to find it on the tree.

Q. — What did Jesus say of the tree?

A. — Mark xi. 14.

NOTE. Jesus must have been thinking and feeling very deeply respecting Jerusalem, which had not born fruit to God, although it was a beautiful city like a tree covered with foliage, and the fruitless tree must have seemed like the city he was soon to give over to destruction.

Q. — Upon his arrival in the city, to what place did Jesus go?

A. — Mark xi. 15.

Q. — What did he do there?

A. — Mark x. 15.

NOTE. This traffic was carried on in the Gentile court of the Temple. That court was sacred to Jesus because he had come to be a light to the Gentiles as well as a glory to Israel, and he cleansed it that the Gentiles might enjoy their right to worship God there. The creatures were for sale for sacrifices; and the brokers were there to exchange current for foreign money for those who had come trom foreign countries bringing the money of those countries with them.

Q. — What did Jesus say to these traders?

A. — Mark xi. 17.

Q. — What did the scribes and Pharisees desire to do to Jesus?

A. — Mark xi. 18.

Q. — Why did they wish to destroy him?

A. — Mark xi. 18.

Q. — When evening came, where did Jesus go?

A. — Mark xi. 19. Luke xxi. 37.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

T, a mountain in Galilee stood;
H was a king who shed innocent blood;
E was a mother beloved and good.

F was a ruler who listened to Paul;
I, a disciple who had a great fall;
E was the place where Apollos was taught;
L was the mount whence the cedars were brought;
D for the poor many fine garments wrought.

I is an object the heathen adore;
S was stoned for the love that he bore.

T from his youth the blessed Book read;
H was a woman who asked for a head;
E fell down and was taken up dead.

W is made from the juice of the grape;
O from his master once did escape;
R heard the knock of Peter by night;
L was a beggar who strove to do right;
D was the city where Paul received light.

Little Sower.

Answers.

JUNE 15. No. 1, Bethlehem, Emmaus, Rome, Ephesus, Athens, Ninevites, Sardis. Bereans. No. 2, Tree of Life.

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